

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, KANSAS.

THE GAL FOR ME.

The gal that treats my dawg aright,
O, she's the gal for me!
When I come out of the hills at night,
Considerable tired for me,
And my dawg, the same,
I sauntered into Popperwell's
An' sot ri' down amongst supper smells
To rest me for awhile.
'Twas there the slickest gal I see
An' she heft jes' the cutest smile!
An' she shed it onto me
On ter the crum the samp pot hung
A bubblin' merrily,
An' as towards her it she swung
So low an' sweet a rhyme she sung,
A kitchen rant seemed she,
With lips and cheeks like piny blows,
An' her hair like yaller silk,
An' her eyes like blue an' nose,
An' when she fed me sump an' milk,
Till heart an' stomach was full 's a bee,
O sweets in a jar, basswood tree,
Then thinks she to myself sez I:
You air the gal of the world for me!
Jes' then of 'Drive come sumpin' in
An' curled herself in the fire beside,
An' she comma a weaked s-n-
She kicked him with her booty foot
An' cried: "O, you nifty coot
Hauon dawgs I never could abide."
Kicked the dawg? hes fellered w' me
Till it aint' me an' him, but we!
Then thinks she to myself sez I:
You aint' no gal for me! Good night!
If we was wed an' had some chicks
You'd be a given them yer kicks
When you wa'n't kickin' of my hauon?
An' if he aint' them wa'n't hardy-raoun'
O, he's not you'd be a sumpin' me.
The gal that treats my dawg aright,
O, she's the gal for me. —Forest and Stream.

THE PARNELL FAMILY.

Sketches of Notable Members—
Poets, Warriors and Statesmen.

The Parnells originated in the rich and beautiful English county of Cheshire, a county noted for the wealth and the antiquity of its leading families. Here the Parnells lived and flourished for several centuries, owning considerable estates, which they held down to the time of Charles the Second. When the Commonwealth men rose against the tyranny of Charles I., the head of the family was Thomas Parnell, who lived near the town of Congleton, now an important place, the seat of an extensive silk manufacture. He took sides against the King; and, as we may presume, made himself particularly obnoxious to the Royalist party. Upon the Restoration he abandoned his native land and the abode of his ancestors. Crossing the channel he bought lands in Ireland, in the county of Wicklow, near the seacoast, where representatives of the family have ever since resided, and where Charles Stewart Parnell holds the estate which the Irish people freed from encumbrance lately.

Thomas Parnell's new home was almost directly opposite his ancient seat in Cheshire. Of his subsequent doings in the world we have no report. One of his sons, whose name was also Thomas, obtained much celebrity in Great Britain as a "minor poet." He was conspicuous enough in his day; to have his life written both by Goldsmith and by Dr. Johnson. Pope dedicated a poem to him. Lord Bolingbroke invited him to dinner, and took the liberty of correcting some of his poetry. When I say that Lord Bolingbroke invited him to dinner, I am using the language of to-day rather than that of the year 1712. The following is an extract from the journal of Dean Swift for 1712:

"I gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and, indeed, Parnell outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas day."
That is the style in which poets were invited to dinner by Lords when George I. was King. Swift duly entered on Christmas Day in his journal: "I carried Parnell to dine at Lord Bolingbroke's." Swift also complains that "this rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out." The rogue Parnell was like Swift himself, a dignitary of the Church of England—Archdeacon of Clogher. He was very popular as a preacher in London, and had expectations of further preferment, which the death of Queen Anne, it is said, disappointed. He was the author of a Life of Homer, and wrote several essays in the *Guardian and Spectator*. His poetry, though little in the taste of our time, is not quite forgotten. Dr. Johnson praised "the easy sweetness of his diction," and Campbell found "a charm in the correct and equable sweetness of Parnell."

Another person of note belonging to this family, also a native of Ireland, was Sir John Parnell, a son of the poet's brother. He was born about 1750, and succeeded his father both in the title and the estates in 1782. Of him we know a great deal that is good, and nothing except what is good. Though holding valuable offices under the crown in Ireland, such as Commissioner of Revenue, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord of the Treasury, besides being a member of the Irish Parliament, he was an honest patriot, and opposed to the uttermost that political union of Ireland with England which involved the destruction of the Irish Legislature. Barrington says of him that he "showed a disinterestedness almost unparalleled," and, though for years the dispenser of valuable patronage, he forbore to use it for the advancement of friends or relations. After opposing the union to the end of the struggle, he was elected a member to the English Parliament, and, on his death, in 1801, the Prime Minister, Addington, paid a warm tribute to his memory. Some lines on his death were published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1801.

Sir John was succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, Sir Henry Brooke Parnell, who also represented an Irish county in Parliament, and served for some time as Minister of War. He was somewhat prominent as a member of Parliament, but his main strength was expended as a writer upon political economy. He appears to have been a man of enlightened opinion, in advance

of his time. Of that, however, the reader shall judge. His political creed in 1835 was as follows:

Perfect freedom of labor and capital; the abolition of the Corn Laws, and instead thereof, a moderate fixed duty upon grain; the use of the ballot in voting; shorter Parliaments; the repeal of all unequal taxes; an extension of the franchise; abolition of flogging and imprisonment.

In 1841 he was created Lord Congleton, thus reviving the name of the town in which his remoter ancestors had lived for hundreds of years. He held this new honor only a few months. He died by his own hand while delirious from illness when sixty-five years of age. Like his nephew, he was a forcible but not an eloquent speaker, and addressed his remarks wholly to the understanding of his auditors.

The father of the present Charles Stewart Parnell (John Henry by name,) was a son of Sir John Parnell. He served for a time as high sheriff of the Irish county of Meath. Of him little else is recorded except one fact of great interest and importance. He married the daughter of Charles Stewart, who died a Rear-Admiral in the navy of the United States, after having contributed as much as any man of his time to make it efficient and honorable.

If the reader will review the exploits of Admiral Stewart, as related by Fenimore Cooper in his *Naval History of the United States*, he will be compelled to believe in the transmission of qualities from grandfather to grandson. Charles Stewart was noted, not only for audacious courage, which quailed at nothing and took all risks which good judgment justified, but he was also one of the coolest and most imperturbable of men in the presence of an enemy. He won his great successes in the war with Tripoli and in the War of 1812 by the most remarkable union of cool seamanship and brilliant dash. A master of seaman's art, he would skillfully work his ship hour after hour, until he had the enemy where he could do him most harm, and then, hurling himself upon the foe, in a few minutes reap the reward of many hours of cautious, deliberate maneuvering.

Admiral Stewart was a thoughtful man also, who contributed many ingenious and valuable papers on naval subjects. It was he, ably seconded by Commodore Bainbridge, who set the Government of Mr. Madison right on naval matters in 1812. The Government thought it would be folly to trust the few frigates of the American navy outside of American harbors. The two young captains thought otherwise, and induced the President to order the ships to sea. We have also an interesting anecdote of Captain Stewart of this period, while he was waiting at Washington for his ship, the *Constitution*, to reit. He lived at the time in the same boarding-house with John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, and he has recorded a curious conversation he had with him. Captain Stewart told Calhoun he was puzzled to explain the close alliance which existed between Southern planters and the Northern Democracy. Mr. Calhoun replied that the planters held to this alliance from policy only. They had no sympathy with Democracy, being essentially aristocratic; but it is only through their union with the Democratic party that they controlled the Nation.

Miss Fanny Parnell, sister of the Irish statesman, died a few years ago with a pathetic song upon her lips:
"Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country?
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
Oh shall the darkness close around them
Ere the sunbeams break at last upon thy story?"

"When the nations ope for thee their queasy circle,
As a sweet new sister hall thee,
Shall these lips be sealed in caustic death
Ere the sunbeams break at last upon thy story?
That have known but to bewail thee?
The song ends with the sentiment that when the day of victory came she should burst from the grave to join the jubilee procession of her countrymen. Then contented, she would go back to the shamrocks, and resume her resting-place in the tomb.—N. Y. Ledger.

STRICTLY UNLIMITED.

The Kind of Marriages Performed by New Jersey Magistrates.

"We want to be married for three years," said a man who headed a party of Poles that recently entered the office of Clerk Robinson of the Jersey City police board, who is also a justice of the peace.

Leaning on the man's arm was a well-dressed young woman, who smiled cheerfully and nodded assent to the expressed wish.

"Why, I can't do that," said the "Squire," "it's against regulations."

"Well, make it five years, then," pleaded the man.

The young woman, easy to please, again nodded acquiescence.

"Can't do that either," said the justice. "All marriages in New Jersey are for life, unlimited and for better or worse."

The man seemed greatly disappointed. There was a consultation in which all the party took part. The young woman made no objection to any of the plans proposed, save that of abandoning the project of getting married at all. The man seemed inclined to that rather than marriage without limitation, but he finally consented to the only contract which the justice would ratify, and the marriage ceremony was performed.

The bridegroom gave his name as John Budrouch, and the young woman said she was Kate White. Both said they resided at 403 Henderson street.—N. Y. Sun.

The Last of the Alpine Passes.

The last of the great Alpine passes is doomed. "We have just driven," writes a correspondent, "across the Simplon. I need not say it was glorious weather, and we passed on the way a procession of carriages carrying a scientific commission from Lausanne. The vandals had all their insignia of destruction with them, and were making observations for the projected tunnel from Brig to Iselle. The inn-keepers are already beginning to treat the project as a *fait accompli*, and at Iselle we were presented with a plan of the Simplon railway, and told with much enthusiasm that the tunnel would beat the St. Gothard hold low." —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A WARNING EXAMPLE.

Thrilling Story of the Value of Motions in Territorial Journalism.

One or two persons have suggested that this paper would get along better if it had a motto. They may be right. "Free and Unshackled," "Our Aim—The People's Welfare" and "Truth is Mighty and Occasionally Prevails" are all good, second-hand mottoes, somewhat worn along the edges but still in pretty fair condition. We have also thought of several others, including "Keep off the Grass," "Sic Semper Tyrannis" and "Free Thought, Free Speech and Free Lunch," but have so far refrained from running up any of them. We have been influenced in the matter somewhat by the remembrance of one H. Junius Browne.

Mr. Browne was a pale, scholarly bubble who came out to the frisky and vivacious West to engage in the honorable profession of journalism. He settled down at a place called Hick's Hollow and brought out the *Weekly Palladium*. Right under the head he put this motto in large, square-shouldered type: "Here Shall the People's Right Maintain; Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain." On another page he announced: "No Pent-up Utica Contracts our Powers," "Policy is an Idol—Principle a God." Founded by H. Junius Browne. Cordwood, Fresh Hay and other Country Produce taken the same as Cash.

Junius ran the paper along during the summer and it began to look as if he would soon have to begin on a diet of mottoes. He was canvassing the prospect of roast motto on toasted platitudes when the fall campaign slid in on the community.

The *Palladium* began to talk about the best man for the different offices when one day a candidate for county sheriff came in and said:

"Mr. Browne, air you goin' to support me for sheriff?"

"Well, Mr. Snoozenberry, really I couldn't say as yet—you know the *Palladium* always supports the best man and I don't know either of you."

"Well, I'll admit I aint the best man, the other feller is near onto fifty pounds heavier than me and a hard hitter but I'm quicker on the draw. Now if I sign for yer paper and pay in advance will my qualifications for the office be all hunk?"

"Well, you see—"

"S'pose I make it two copies?"

"Yes, but—"

"Call it three, but that's the best I can do."

"Oh, well that'll be all right—I'm convinced you're the man for the place." So the *Palladium* poured out its wrath on McDeadeye, the other candidate. McDeadeye was an unfit man for the important office; McDeadeye had a record back in the States which would ill bear the searching calcium light of public investigation; and the worst of it was McDeadeye couldn't get it. But McDeadeye did get it and Snoozenberry went where the woodbine climbeth.

A few days after McDeadeye came into the office of the *Weekly Palladium* and said:

"Mr. Browne, I believe you referred to my past record in that Dismal Wall ur you?"

"I—I—I don't quite remember, Colonel McDeadeye, p-p-p-r-r-rs I did, it's all right, though, Colonel." "Oh yes, it's all right, or will be, that's what I come in fer—to make it all right. B'lieve you said you'd like ter see my record?"

"Y-y-y, I did say that." "Well, sir, here it is, six parts to it, and it speaks for itself—just waiting for the formality of an introduction when it'll talk right out. Mr. Browne, this is Mr. Coit, who will address you for a few moments on the vital issues of the day!"

Then he began to shoot. When the first gun was empty he threw it at the printer who had crawled under the imposing stone and produced another, saying: "I have the pleasure of introducing to yer favorable notice Mr. Smith & Wesson, the well-known team, who will entertain you with a little vocal music!"

Another class of bombardment and he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I know you will all be pleased to meet Mr. Remington, a gentleman connected with the navy, who will give his lecture, entitled 'Deep-sea Soundings in the Human System,' accompanied by illustrations!"

At the conclusion of this speaker's remarks he picked up the shooting irons, kicked the printer through the upper sash of a window and went out. A few days after another man took hold of the *Palladium*. He didn't know much about the business but he changed the name of the paper and jerked off the mottoes. The next week it came out like this:

HICK'S HOLLOW HOOTER.

It Hoots for All!
If any of you ducks want the Hooter don't forget that.

Now is the Time to Subscribe!
—Estelle (D. T.) Bell.

Extent of Bird-Destruction.

How enormous has been the slaughter of innocent birds for the purpose of beautifying ugly and heartless women is shown by these statistics: England imports from India, Africa and America ten million dollars' worth of feathers and birds every year. One and half million exotic birds, including 250,000 humming birds, are annually imported to France and England. The ostrich feathers alone do not imply slaughter of the birds for the sake of a fashion which fortunately is now being frowned on by the more sensible women.—N. Y. Post.

—Many years ago a resident of Yakima, W. T., planted six hundred twenty dollar gold pieces in a stone jar at the foot of a tree in that place. It had been buried so long that roots as large as a man's wrist had grown over the jar. He left for the East a few days ago, but before going dug up the jar and carried off the gold.

—Several fine nuggets of gold have lately been picked up in the river around Dahlonega, Ga.

HOGS IN SUMMER.

Various Methods of Supplying Them with Wholesome Green Food.

That hogs require green food during the summer months all swine-raisers admit. The hog is naturally a grazing animal, though its habits have been greatly changed by keeping it in partial confinement and by substituting grain, roots and milk for forage plants. Hogs prefer green plants to other kinds of food during the warm weather, and they are more conducive to health and the formation of muscle. They are also cheaper than any food that can be obtained on farms. In many parts of the South hogs are allowed to run at large during the summer and fall. They eat grass and weeds in pastures and a variety of plants, fruits and roots in the forests. In some cases they become semi-wild, and are reluctant to come to the farm buildings till after the weather becomes cold and the supply of food is scarce. They live six months almost without expense to their owners. They are generally healthy, and keep in good condition, while they increase in weight. Sows that burrow in forests or on uncultivated ground at a distance from the farm fields generally raise more pigs than sows that are kept in small pastures, yards or pens.

In many parts of the country where the climate and soil are favorable to the production of red clover, and where fencing material is comparatively cheap, farmers who raise large numbers of hogs find it to their advantage to keep them from May to October in clover pastures. During a favorable season a good clover pasture will carry five hogs to the acre for about five months in the year. If the pasture is well supplied with shade and water, the hogs will generally do exceedingly well in it. If they do not become fat, they will gain in size and be in good condition to take on fat as soon as the grain to feed them in the fall. Ten acres of land seeded in clover, if provided with shade and living water, will keep fifty hogs in growing condition from the time corn is planted till it is ready to feed out. The chief expense will be for the clover and material for fence. A fence that will hold hogs can be made by using two boards at the bottom and two barbed wires at the top. After the pasture has been used for grazing hogs for two years the ground will produce excellent corn. As the clover will begin to "run out" at the end of two years, it is advisable to plow the ground and to reseed it. In order to have a constant supply of clover, it is necessary to have two lots that can be used for the purpose of pasturing hogs.

In places where fencing material is high or where red clover does not do well, farmers can not derive as great advantage from a pasture for hogs. Neither can farmers who keep but few hogs derive as much profit from a pasture as those who keep a large number, as the cost of fences decrease with the number of acres that are inclosed. It requires but twice as much fencing to inclose four acres as is needed for one acre. Still, farmers who keep but few hogs and those who live where red clover does not succeed can derive much benefit from feeding green food to their hogs. They can adapt the soiling system to hogs as well as to cattle. They can keep their hogs in yards or pens, and bring them the green fodder they are to devour. If they keep but a few hogs they can bring the fodder on a cart or wagon. They can raise many of the crops that are designed for hog food so near the yards and pens that it can be carried to them on forks.

If the yard has growing crops on three sides of it, the trouble of removing the fodder will not be great. It can be cut in the morning before it is time to start the teams in the field. Common red and mammoth clover and orchard grass are among the best fodder plants that can be raised for hogs. Alfalfa is also excellent, and is recommended for localities where the seasons are dry and hot. It will grow in most parts of the West and South where red clover does not succeed. Sweet corn is another excellent crop to raise for feeding to hogs. If it makes a quick growth the stalks will be so tender that the hogs will eat almost the whole of them. The stalks and foliage both contain a large amount of sugar, which is more valuable than corn or small grain for producing fat. On land that is new, rich and under high cultivation two crops of sweet corn, fodder can be raised in a year. In the more Northern States and Territories, where the climate is unfavorable for corn, field peas can be raised for hogs to good advantage. If cut when the peas are of the size to cook, hogs will eat the heads, vines and foliage. In Canada and Scotland peas are extensively raised for hogs, and they are worthy of much more attention than they receive in the Northern portions of this country.—*Chicago Times*.

Yellow Fever Inoculation.

In a letter addressed by Dr. Domingos Freire, of Rio de Janeiro, to Dr. Joseph Holt, President of the Louisiana State Board of Health, the following interesting statement is made: "I have performed over 7,000 inoculations with full success; the immunity was almost absolute, notwithstanding the intensity of the epidemic this year. More than 3,000 persons who were not inoculated died of yellow fever, while among the 7,000 inoculated, inhabiting the same infected localities, subjected to the same morbid condition, but seven or eight individuals, whose disease was diagnosed as yellow fever, died. It is hardly necessary to say that I have taken notes of but one of these cases. My conferees here have the abominable habit of not giving notice of the fact until after the interment of the individual, and consequently accuse me of being unsuccessful. You therefore see that in spite of all this bad will my doctrine comes out victorious once more by the test of this year, when the epidemic characterized itself by energetic intensity of infection and contagion." —N. Y. Post.

—A woman at North Adams, Mass., recently dug a cellar for a large, new house, and she quarried the stone also.

A GRAND STRUCTURE.

The Building Erected by the Produce Exchange of New York City.

The New York Produce Exchange is one of the most conspicuous buildings on Manhattan Island, the seat of the most influential mercantile corporation within its limits, and the market in whose exchanges the entire national commonwealth is most deeply interested. "Like a beetling cliff commanding the eye of the home-bound mariner," it challenges the notice of travelers approaching through the Narrows, or crossing the Hudson from the further shore. Its massive campanile shares with the lace-like Brooklyn bridge, the spire of Trinity Church, the tall tower of the *Tribune* and the ambitious altitude of the Equitable and Western Union structures the admiration of the stranger.

In view of the purposes this edifice is designed to serve, it is architecturally unrivaled by any in this or any other country. Of the modern renaissance in style, and marked by symmetrically beautiful lines, its general effect is imposing, and imparts the idea of strength and permanence. The building committee knew what they wanted, and were fortunate enough to find in George B. Post, the architect, a trained artist abundantly able to unite their original designs with the graces of elegance and uniformity. Begun on May 1, 1881, it was finished on May 1, 1884. Fifteen thousand and thirty-seven New England pine and spruce piles, driven through the yielding primitive soil to a solid bed, and cut off below the level of tide-water, insure the safety of the superstructure, and by their uprightness are supposed to harmonize with the mercantile men and morals they uphold. The building is fire-proof throughout. Granite, brick, terra-cotta, and iron are piled above the corner-stone—bearing in lasting bronze the word "Equity," that was laid with imposing ceremony on the 6th of June, 1882—and compose an edifice 300 by 150 feet in superficial area, and with tower and terrace, of 53,779 square feet. One hundred and sixteen feet measure the distance from sidewalk to roof, 225 feet to the coping of the tower, and 306 feet to the top of the flag-staff. Of course we are not surprised when told that the flag, 50x20 feet, is the largest ever made. The tower clock has a face twelve feet in diameter, each number measuring a foot in length, and weighs 1,500 pounds.

The Produce Exchange, costing with land and furniture a grand total of \$3,178,615.14, is a valuable index of progressive wealth and civilization. It includes 12,000,000 bricks, 15 miles of iron girders, 1 1/2 miles of columns, 2,061 tons of terra-cotta, 7 1/2 acres of flooring, more than 2,000 windows, nearly 1,000 doors, 7 1/2 miles of sash cords and chains, over 47 tons of sash weights, 1-5 of an acre of skylight over the exchange room, 29 miles of steam-pipes, nearly a mile of pannelled wainscoting, and weighs over 50,000 tons. Four thousand separate drawings were required for its construction. The nine hydraulic elevators carry an average of 21,500 people daily, or 6,500,000 every year. The pumping capacity is sufficient to supply water to a city of 175,000 inhabitants, and 1,194,133 horse-power is utilized annually for heat and force. All these items are of less practical interest to the members than the fact that the 190 offices rent, together with privileges, for about \$180,000 per annum, not including premiums of over \$24,000 paid for choice, and return about six per cent. on the entire investment. With the rents and annual dues there will be in 1886 a net surplus above interest and expenses of \$40,000. This income will, of course, increase as the bonded debt decreases. When the latter is liquidated, the exchange will enjoy a net income of about \$200,000 a year, which may be applied to the reduction of dues or of gratuity assessments.—*Richard Whately, in Harper's Magazine*.

MILANESE LADIES.

Interesting Gossip About the Female Population of the "Pearl of Lombardy."

The gait of the Milanese lady is not quite so graceful as that of the Parisienne. Look at the latter on the boulevards as she glides along the asphalt—her tiny heels rarely if ever touching the pavement; and look at the Milanese beauty leaning more on the heel than on the foot, and you will remark at once the difference in the style of both. On the other hand the Lombardian maid or matron has the advantage in skin and color. We do not see, it is true, such creamy whiteness here as one would expect to find in a squire's manor in one of the English shires; but the defect is more than compensated by the subdued glow of roses on almost every cheek. The head-dress worn by Italian girls of the humbler class, composed of dark gauze, coquettishly tied in a knot on the forehead, and falling in graceful folds over the neck, adds much to their natural prettiness. A mix in *sabots*, with such a covering for her tresses, is even an attractive sight! Ladies here generally wear their hair *frise*, widely unravelling over brow and ears. In speaking with them the stranger invariably remarks that they gesticulate in all the moods and tenses, and that their voices are not as soft and flexible as one would anticipate. The fact is that a Lombardian woman's voice is in many cases a shade nearer the masculine than the feminine. These women are, to paraphrase a well-known saying: "Lamb when stroked, but lionesses when provoked." In other words, their hate is as strong and violent as their love. These qualities are confined to no particular class of society. An overwhelming impertinence, however, is the great characteristic of the patrician dame. A Roman's gnora of blue blood is said to be the proudest woman in the world. The Milanese signora of similar extraction apes her Roman sister. In conversation she rises to her full height, throws her head back haughtily, and in address exclaims vainly and pompously. She lives in a palace (Miran, like every other Italian city, is full of princely

palaces), and spends more than half her husband's income in keeping up a formidable array of valets and footmen. Her dainty kidskin boots are never seen tripping along the pavements, for she invariably drives in her carriage whenever she has occasion to make a call. Speaking of Milanese aristocracy reminds me that titles here can be bought and sold; and I have heard of several commercial houses that are making snug fortunes in the business. One out of every two score and ten Italians has some kind of a handle to his name. Counts are here, there, and everywhere, and Viscounts are thick as flies on a New England pie.—*Milan (Italy) Cor. N. Y. Mail and Express*.

IMBECILE KINGS.

Madmen Who Have Occupied the Thrones of Austria, Spain and Other Countries.

The recent death of King Ludwig, of Bavaria, is the sad ending of a tale of gloom. Such tragedies are heart-shaking to the immediate eye-witnesses, and faith-shaking to those who reflect that the victims are overtaken by a doom inevitable and for which they are in no measure responsible. The wretched King, who was an amiable and clever man, must have felt himself under the onward-creeping shadow for years. The dreadful doom of madness was before his eyes, for his brother had been mad for years, and the records of his family contain other instances of morbid melancholy passing into the acute phase of frenzy.

They are not alone among royal houses in their possession of the hereditary curse of madness. It is to be found centuries back in both the Austrian and the Spanish branches of the house of Hapsburg. Charles V. was the child of a mad mother; a charitable construction of Philip II.'s character is that he labored under the family malady which appeared in a violent form in his unfortunate son. The last of the Austrian Kings of Spain died melancholy mad. Indeed, the black specter is at the banquets in royal palaces throughout Europe. Emperor William's predecessor on the throne of Prussia used to give royal banquets a novel and interesting zest by bathing his face in the soup, and lifting his royal head adorned with pendants of vermicelli.

Madmen have occupied the throne of France. England's mad monarch—if we make violent insanity the evidence of madness—was George III., whose mental weakness was inherited. During the last ten years of his life he was the

"old, mad, blind, despised and dying King" described by Shelley. Dr. Doran, in one of his gossip books, has given a chapter to "Kings who were their own fools." One of the Spanish Princes amused himself by putting paper fool's caps on Ambassadors. He tried the trick on stout old Lord Ligonier, George II.'s representative at the court of Spain. But the Minister was as peppery as his master, and, tearing the cap from the Prince's hand, he tore it to pieces and bade the royal mountebank remember that he (the Minister) wore a sword, represented a great King, and would brook no insolence. Mad monarchs have played strange capers, stranger than those of poor Ludwig, before loyalty listened to the whisper of reason and deposed them.—*Boston Transcript*.

AN ENGLISH JURY.

The Astonishing Intelligence of Twelve Men, Good and True.

I was present in court when the following incident occurred:

Scene: Derby Assizes.—Samuel Lowe and James Halligan charged with stealing a ham.

Clerk of Assize—Do you find the prisoners guilty or not guilty? Foreman of the Jury—We find as one on 'em stole it and the other received it knowing it to have been stolen.

Clerk of Assize—Who do you say stole it?

Foreman—Nay, I can't say which stole it. One on 'em brought it home under his arm, and the other took it from him.

Mr. Justice Mathew—That man is Lowe, and that is Halligan. Now, which stole it?

Foreman—I don't know. I warn't there. How can I say? If they didn't steal it why should they have it?

Judge—Gentlemen, this is your foreman. Is there no one of you can say whether Lowe is guilty of stealing?

Foreman—Yes, Lowe stole it.

Chorus of Jurymen—No, the other stole.

Clerk of Assize—And is that the verdict of you all?

Jury (foreman included)—Yes.—*St. James' Gazette*.

DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

A Rather Good Joke on a Famous Western Hotel Man.

Mr. Potter Palmer, the veteran hotel man, has such an army of employees about the Palmer House that he doesn't know half of them even by sight. Recently he ran across a man who was cleaning windows—at least he was supposed to be doing so. In reality he was trailing the semblance of a human face in the thick coat of soap with which he had covered the window pane. Mr. Palmer abhors trifling and laziness. "Go to the office and get your pay," he peremptorily commanded the man. The fellow put on his coat and got his pay and was just going out of the Monroe street entrance when Mr. Palmer spied him. He took a fancy to his appearance at once.

"My man," he exclaimed, benevolently, "would you like a job?"

The discharged employe was too much astonished to do else than murmur: "Yes, sir."

"Well, I have just discharged a lazy fellow who was washing windows. If you think you can take his place you'll find his bucket on the entrance floor." The man is still working for the hotel man and the latter doesn't know the difference.—*Merchant Traveler*.

—It is said that the *Congressional Record* cost over \$125,000 last year, while the sales from it amounted to only \$1,004.27.